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POEMS

ON

SLAVERY.

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SECOND EDITION.

CAMBRIDGE:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN OWEN.

M DCCC XLII.













POEMS ON SLAVERY.

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## CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING . . . . .	9
THE SLAVE'S DREAM . . . . .	11
THE GOOD PART . . . . .	15
THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP . . . . .	18
THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT . . . . .	21
THE WITNESSES . . . . .	23
THE QUADROON GIRL . . . . .	26
THE WARNING . . . . .	30

[The following poems, with one exception, were written at sea, in the latter part of October. I had not then heard of Dr. Channing's death. Since that event, the poem addressed to him is no longer appropriate. I have decided, however, to let it remain as it was written, a feeble testimony of my admiration for a great and good man.]

POEMS.

The noble horse,  
That, in his fiery youth, from his wide nostrils  
Neighed courage to his rider, and brake through  
Groves of opposed pikes, bearing his lord  
Safe to triumphant victory, old or wounded,  
Was set at liberty and freed from service.  
The Athenian mules, that from the quarry drew  
Marble, hewed for the Temple of the Gods,  
The great work ended, were dismissed and fed  
At the public cost ; nay, faithful dogs have found  
Their sepulchres ; but man, to man more cruel,  
Appoints no end to the sufferings of his slave.

MASSINGER.



TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

---

THE pages of thy book I read,  
And as I closed each one,  
My heart, responding, ever said,  
“Servant of God! well done!”

Well done! Thy words are great and bold;  
At times they seem to me,  
Like Luther's, in the days of old,  
Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes  
The old and chartered Lie,  
The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes  
Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side  
Speaking in tones of might,  
Like the prophetic voice, that cried  
To John in Patmos, "Write!"

Write! and tell out this bloody tale;  
Record this dire eclipse,  
This Day of Wrath, this Endless Wail,  
This dread Apocalypse!

# THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,  
 His sickle in his hand ;  
 His breast was bare, his matted hair  
 Was buried in the sand.  
 Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,  
 He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams  
The lordly Niger flowed ;  
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain  
Once more a king he strode ;  
And heard the tinkling caravans  
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen  
Among her children stand ;  
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,  
They held him by the hand !—  
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids  
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode  
Along the Niger's bank ;  
His bridle-reins were golden chains,  
And, with a martial clank,  
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel  
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,  
The bright flamingoes flew ;  
From morn till night he followed their flight,  
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,  
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,  
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,  
And the hyæna scream,  
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds  
Beside some hidden stream ;  
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,  
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,  
Shouted of liberty ;  
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,  
With a voice so wild and free,  
That he started in his sleep and smiled  
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,  
Nor the burning heat of day ;  
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,  
And his lifeless body lay  
A worn-out fether, that the soul  
Had broken and thrown away !

## THE GOOD PART,

THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY.

---

SHE dwells by Great Kenhawa's side,  
In valleys green and cool;  
And all her hope and all her pride  
Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air  
That robes the hills above,  
Though not of earth, encircles there  
All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her girls  
With praise and mild rebukes ;  
Subduing e'en rude village churls  
By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide  
Of One who came to save ;  
To cast the captive's chains aside,  
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells  
When all men shall be free ;  
And musical, as silver bells,  
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,  
In decent poverty,  
She makes her life one sweet record  
And deed of charity.



For she was rich, and gave up all  
To break the iron bands  
Of those who waited in her hall,  
And labored in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern Sea  
Their outbound sails have sped,  
While she, in meek humility,  
Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never cease,  
That clothe her with such grace ;  
Their blessing is the light of peace  
That shines upon her face.

## THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

---

IN dark fens of the Dismal Swamp  
The hunted Negro lay ;  
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,  
And heard at times a horse's tramp  
And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glowworms shine,  
In bulrush and in brake ;  
Where waving mosses shroud the pine,  
And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine  
Is spotted like the snake ;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,  
Or a human heart would dare,  
On the quaking turf of the green morass  
He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,  
Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame ;  
Great scars deformed his face ;  
On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,  
And the rags, that hid his mangled frame,  
Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,  
All things were glad and free ;  
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,  
And wild birds filled the echoing air  
With songs of Liberty !

On him alone was the doom of pain,  
From the morning of his birth;  
On him alone the curse of Cain  
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,  
And struck him to the earth!

## THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

---

LOUD he sang the psalm of David !  
He, a Negro and enslaved,  
Sang of Israel's victory,  
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,  
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,  
In a voice so sweet and clear  
That I could not choose but hear,

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,  
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,  
When upon the Red Sea coast  
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion  
Filled my soul with strange emotion ;  
For its tones by turns were glad,  
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,  
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,  
And an earthquake's arm of might  
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas ! what holy angel  
Brings the Slave this glad evangel ?  
And what earthquake's arm of might  
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night ?

THE WITNESSES.

---

IN Ocean's wide domains,  
Half buried in the sands,  
Lie skeletons in chains,  
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,  
Deeper than plummet lies,  
Float ships, with all their crews,  
No more to sink or rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims,  
    Freighted with human forms,  
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs  
    Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of Slaves ;  
    They gleam from the abyss ;  
They cry, from yawning waves,  
    “ We are the Witnesses ! ”

Within Earth's wide domains  
    Are markets for men's lives ;  
Their necks are galled with chains,  
    Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite  
    In deserts makes its prey ;  
Murders, that with affright  
    Scare schoolboys from their play !



All evil thoughts and deeds ;  
    Anger, and lust, and pride ;  
The foulest, rankest weeds,  
    That choke Life's groaning tide !

These are the woes of Slaves ;  
    They glare from the abyss ;  
They cry, from unknown graves,  
    “ We are the Witnesses ! ”

### THE QUADROON GIRL.

---

THE Slaver in the broad lagoon  
Lay moored with idle sail ;  
He waited for the rising moon,  
And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,  
And all her listless crew  
Watched the gray alligator slide  
Into the still bayou.

Odors of orange-flowers, and spice,  
Reached them from time to time,  
Like airs that breathe from Paradise  
Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of thatch,  
Smoked thoughtfully and slow ;  
The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,  
He seemed in haste to go.

He said, "My ship at anchor rides  
In yonder broad lagoon ;  
I only wait the evening tides,  
And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with her face upraised,  
In timid attitude,  
Like one half curious, half amazed,  
A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were, like a falcon's, gray,  
Her arms and neck were bare ;  
No garment she wore save a kirtle gay,  
And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a smile  
As holy, meek, and faint,  
As lights in some cathedral aisle  
The features of a saint.

“ The soil is barren, — the farm is old ; ”  
The thoughtful Planter said ;  
Then looked upon the Slaver's gold,  
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife  
With such accursed gains ;  
For he knew whose passions gave her life,  
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak ;  
He took the glittering gold !  
Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek,  
Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,  
He led her by the hand,  
To be his slave and paramour  
In a strange and distant land !

## THE WARNING.

BEWARE ! The Israelite of old, who tore  
The lion in his path, — when, poor and blind,  
He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,  
Shorn of his noble strength and forced to grind  
In prison, and at last led forth to be  
A pander to Philistine revelry, —

Upon the pillars of the temple laid  
His desperate hands, and in its overthrow  
Destroyed himself, and with him those who made  
A cruel mockery of his sightless woe ;  
The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and jest of all,  
Expired, and thousands perished in the fall !

There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,  
Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of  
steel,  
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,  
And shake the pillars of this Commonweal,  
Till the vast Temple of our liberties  
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

END.

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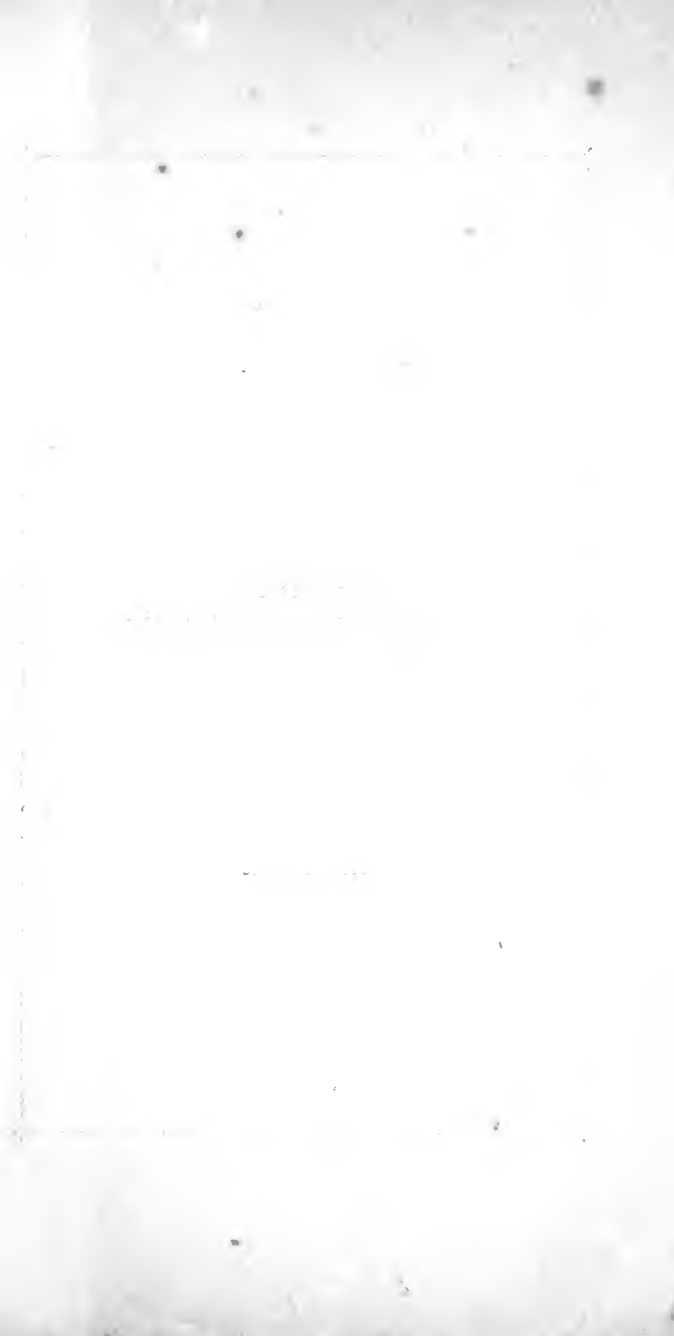












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